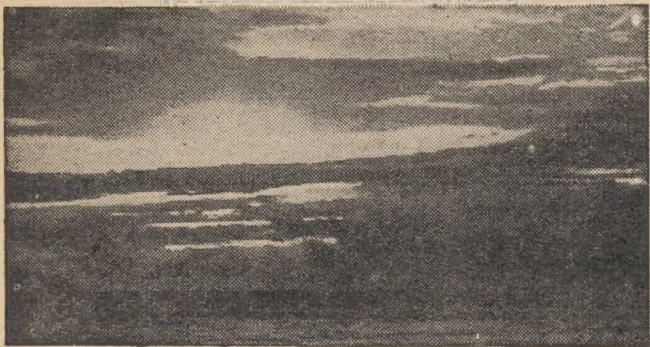


# Good Morning

\$39

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch

## Beneath The Surface



With AL MALE

I MET a man the other day who said he was an atheist. Now, that was fine! A seaman, too—submariner.

He says to me, he says: "You can't prove to me there is an Almighty. If you can, go ahead. I'm listening." So I says to him, I says: "Oh, no, you don't, for that's the favourite, indeed the only, approach you so-called atheists have to the subject. But it is I who am listening."

"Listening, what for?" says he. "Listening for your proof that there isn't," I says.

That made him smile, for all good seamen smile; and when a man smiles you know he isn't as silly as he tries to make you think he is.

Have you noticed this in most "intellectual atheists"? Oh, yes, there are atheists, just as there are lunatics and self-confident religious maniacs.

So I waited for the seaman to prove there wasn't what he said there wasn't. And, of course, he couldn't; because you can't prove there is a negative out of a positive assertion.

What, after all, is hunger? It is the lack of nourishment. What is cold? It is the lack of warmth. The only way you can prove a man is hungry is to set before him a good square meal and watch him devour it.

He feels some satisfaction in chasing his negative away by a positive.

The only way you can prove a man is cold is by taking his temperature (or giving him warmth). The thermometer tells you that he lacks something; the fire you give him tells you he needs the positive of heat. And away goes his negative.

So when you start arguing about a Creative Force called Good with an "atheist," don't waste your time getting him to admit a positive.

Ask him to PROVE there is a negative. And he can't do it.

Well, when my smiling seaman admitted—as he had at last to admit—that he couldn't actually table his evidence of non-existence, it was time to table the evidence of existence.

Believe me I know all the arguments of the Rationalists and others who show by their lives (such as those of Charles Bradlaugh and Robert Ingersoll) that there is something worth being decent for. And that something isn't just "social order."

And it seems to me that they have come to their attitude because they won't apply the proper methods of discussion.

What I mean by that is this. If you are discussing a mate-

# JUST STAMP ON THIS DOUGH

IN the spring of 1873, a school-boy living in Demarara, British Guiana, found some bundles of old family letters, most of them bearing British Guiana stamps. On one envelope was a one-cent stamp coloured magenta, which he soaked off and put in his album.

The boy—his name was Vernon Vaughan—quickly developed a craze for stamp collecting. He got in touch with a dealer in Bath, who offered him some lovely unused British and British Colonial stamps.

Vernon never had much pocket-money, but he wanted badly to buy those attractive British stamps. So he looked through his album for something he could sell. He picked on the one-cent magenta stamp.

Why this stamp? Well, it wasn't a particularly good specimen; it was faded and had the corners cut off. He was pretty sure he'd find a better specimen when he had time for another look through the family correspondence.

He took it to a Mr. Neil McKinnon, a keen collector of whom he had heard.

At first McKinnon shook his head in refusal. The stamp wasn't in fine condition, and he only bought stuff in fine or superb condition. Moreover, he didn't like the octagonal shape.

Vernon looked so disappointed that McKinnon softened. He told Vernon he was taking a great risk in buying it and he hoped the boy would not forget his generosity.

McKinnon gave him six shillings, and the one-cent magenta British Guiana stamp changed hands—for the first time.

At Paris, in 1922, the stamp was bought by Mr. Arthur Hind, of Utica, N.Y., for the sum of 32,500 dollars. It is the most valuable stamp in the world to-day. You couldn't buy it for £7,500. The offer has been made—and refused.

The romance of this faded scrap of paper—it is now lodged in the strong-room of an American bank, and when publicly exhibited is guarded by six plain-clothes detectives—has given impulse to people all over the world to collect postage stamps.

In 1873, when young Vaughan was soaking stamps off the family letters, philately was not a popular hobby. To-day there are millions of stamp collectors in every country in the world.

King George V was a collector all his life. "To-day Prince George of Wales starts from Chatham in the 'Thrush,' to the command of which he has been appointed," said his uncle, the Duke of Edinburgh, to a London luncheon in 1890 to mark the Jubilee of Penny Postage. "He is also a stamp collector, and I hope that he will return with a goodly number of additions from North America and the West Indies."

In 1893 he joined the Royal Philatelic Society, and contributed occasional articles on stamps to the society's magazine. His collection, one of the finest in the world, was contained in over 300 volumes.

"What is the good of my going on collecting," said the Prince of Wales (now Duke of Windsor) to Mr. Charles J. Phillips, the King's Philatelist, "when my father gets everything and I can buy so little?"

The late King Alfonso of Spain was another Royal collector. President Roosevelt has an extensive knowledge of stamp matters, and his collection of the issues of Haiti and

J. S. Newcombe who writes this is an expert in Philately

the Dominican Republic is unsurpassed.

Only the wealthy, however, can hope to accumulate big, specialised collections of postage stamps. What, then, is the lure of philately to the small man?

It is easier to explain that to the non-collector than to explain the lure of golf to the non-golfer.

While for the rich man there is no limit to the money he can spend on stamps, for the person of moderate means there is opportunity to build up a sizeable collection with a small outlay.

For there is money in

the perfect medium for relaxation from outside worries. That is one reason why it has attracted thousands of newcomers since the outbreak of war.

Throughout the previous World War, King George set aside one afternoon a week for spending with his stamps. It was an anodyne to soothe away the cares of State.

The man responsible in the first place for this great industry was, of course, Sir Rowland Hill. It was he who recommended in a celebrated pamphlet of 1837 that



The British Penny Black

stamps. Nine out of ten persons buy stamps in the hope they'll appreciate and show a profit on selling. Occasionally a big dealer will force a bear market and turn over thousands of pounds.

The fact that in the U.S.A. alone 500 leading newspapers devote a column to a page a week to this hobby bears witness to the vast number of "small men" who think it worth while.

Postage stamps are issued by the Governments of countries, which means that the danger to the collector of being exploited by the manufacturer is reduced to a minimum.

Serious study, also, teaches you much of history and geography, of printing processes, paper manufacture, chemistry and art. "I don't know anybody," said Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt, "who knows more about history and geography than my husband, and it's largely the outcome of his interest in stamps."

Accurate records of all stamps issued since the first celebrated Penny Black in 1840 are available, so that the collector has a check on the authenticity and worth of every item in his albums. Finally, stamp collecting is

the rate for letters in the United Kingdom weighing not over half an ounce should be one penny. He anticipated that a big increase in business and personal correspondence would make up for the lowered rate, and that prepayment of the charge would save administrative expenses.

The idea of a postage stamp was an afterthought.

"Perhaps the difficulties might be obviated," he wrote, "by using a bit of paper just large enough to bear the stamp and covered at the back with a glutinous wash, which, by applying a little moisture, might be attached to the back of the letter."

A simple idea? Well, the postage stamp was so successful, and the country so grateful to Sir Rowland, that when he died he was given a resting place in Westminster Abbey.

The first penny stamp issued was coloured black and bore the young Queen's head. It came out in May, 1840. Perkins, Bacon and Petch, Bank Note Printers, of Fleet Street, engraved the steel dies, prepared the plates, and printed the stamps on paper supplied by the Government, at a charge of 7½d. a thousand. America followed in 1842 (but only for use in New York City), and Brazil in 1843. Both

World's Dearest Stamp

stamps were, like the British, black.

It is one of the most curious and remarkable facts of postage stamp production that the original Penny Black with the Queen's head has never been equalled, let alone surpassed, for beauty and perfection of design. This is the unanimous judgment of stamp collectors throughout the world.

Britain has always carefully guarded her reputation for issuing stamps only when there was a proper postal need for them. There are a number of stamp-issuing countries, particularly in Central and South America and in Eastern Europe, who bring out long sets solely to make revenue from "dumb" collectors.

They are doing it in wartime. As the French colonies came over to the Free French movement, De Gaulle printed long sets of France Libre stamps, in one instance of over fifty values, which you can buy in packets from the news-agent.

Philatelists consider they are worth the paper they're printed on, and probably will never be worth more.

Some of the Enemy Occupied countries, such as Norway, Poland and Yugoslavia, have issued stamps from this country which are valid on board ship, this being supposedly "national territory." They are treated with reserve, to say the least, by serious collectors.

Now that practically the whole of Europe is isolated from the rest of the world, and exchange of postage stamps between countries is interrupted, an intriguing position has arisen.

There are thousands of European collectors who after the war will pay big prices for stamps which now are beyond their reach.

Which are the particular stamps they'll want to buy?

If you know the answer, then it's in your power to build up a stock of stamps which, when hostilities are over, will bring you a handsome fortune.

Send us Your Queries, Criticism

See address on back page.



# SUNDAY FARE

# SLAVERY WAS EXPOSED

## By 'INDIAN PETER'

Ronald Vere tells how



### WHAT IS IT?

Here's the week's Picture Puzzle. Answer in S 40.

## MOUNTAIN, WOOD AND COUNTRYSIDE

By Fred Kitchen

### MAGPIE TAKES THE SALVAGE

HE was seated in an elm tree growing alongside the turnip field, his grey head and thick, strong beak proclaiming him to be a carrion crow.

As Shep drew near on his way to his sheep, the black, ungainly bird gave a harsh croak, and immediately three other crows of the same tribe rose from out of the turnips, and with slowly beating wings ascended to join their companion in the elm tree.

"Them crows is up to summat," reflected Shep, and walked across.

He found the remains of a rabbit, which appeared to have been dead for weeks, and had begun to make itself unpleasant to the neighbourhood.

Shep spat hard, as though a nasty taste had offended him, and, hurrying across to his sheep, remarked, "Yer welcome to it," and concluded that carrion crows were more useful than he had given them credit for.

He watched from his sheepfold to see if the crows returned to their scavenging, and very soon three of them were down in the turnips again, while the sentry remained on the "look-out."

After a while one of the crows flew up to relieve him, and the sentry came down for his share of the feast.

Evidently he wasn't satisfied with what had been left him, and began disputing loudly with his two companions.

He buffeted first one and then another. Rising a few feet in

the air and giving vent to their feelings with harsh, indignant croaks and caws, the crows had soon moved some distance from the feast.

Their noisy clamour brought an inquisitive magpie to see what was going on. He watched, chattered encouragement from a thorn tree, and seemed greatly to be enjoying the fun.

He couldn't quite make out at first what all the stir was about, but, being the "nosey-parker" of birdland, he meant to find out. His tail jerked up and down saucily—he had spied the cause of the disturbance—and suddenly he darted off to the thorn.

Instantly a warning croak came from the sentry. The fight stopped; but it was too late. The mischievous "magpie" was back in the thorn with the last remnant of the feast.

The discomfited crows hovered around the thorn tree, croaking angrily, but not one of them dare venture to penetrate the close-fitting thorn twigs.

Inside the tree, "maggie" chattered and screamed, taunting them to "come and fetch it," until the great, awkward birds were forced to give up in despair and slowly flapped their way to other fields.

"Yer chatterin' imp o' mischief," said Shep, as the magpie flew over his head, "yer not near as good as yon crows at salvagin'."

THERE arrived in London in the year 1761 one of the most peculiar characters of those peculiar days. Indian Peter he was called.

He exhibited himself in the war dress of a Delaware Indian, gave exhibitions, uttered war-whoops, showed people how Indians scalped their victims, gave long lectures on his captivity among the savages. And his story was true.

That is the most remarkable fact about this remarkable man—his truth. Peter Williamson was his name, and he lived when a child with his parents in Aboyne, near Aberdeen. At the age of eight his adventures began.

He was sent to Aberdeen to stay for a holiday with his aunt. When he was playing on the quay he was invited aboard a ship lying in the harbour by two seamen. He never saw his parents nor his aunt again.

For this ship belonged to some merchants in Aberdeen, who made their money by kidnapping and selling children into slavery in the plantations of America.

"Having been cajoled aboard," he wrote later, "by these Monsters of Impiety, they conducted me between the Decks to some others they had kidnapped in the same manner."

They took eleven weeks to do the trip to America, and there, after the ship was wrecked on a sandbank, the crew and kidnapped boys were taken to Philadelphia, where the captain disposed of his "loan" at £16 per head.

Who carried on this nefarious trade? It was proved some time later that the men who stole children and sold them abroad were none other than the Aberdeen magistrates, town officers and leading merchants.

The business flourished especially between the years 1740 and 1750, and it is on record that "parties of men patrolled the streets of the burgh like press-gangs, and by open violence seized on such boys as seemed fit for their purpose."

"The remote valleys of the Highlands were infested by ruffians who hunted their prey as beasts of the chase, and, once in the possession of their oppressors, the boys were driven in flocks by men armed with whips."

It seems hard to believe, but all this was proved later by witnesses. Peter Williamson, when he was sold in America, went to a planter who was a Scot, one Hugh Wilson, who treated the slave with some kindness.

He sent Peter to school and taught him planting; and when he died he left Peter £120 and a horse.

Peter was then 17 years of age. His first desire was to obtain land of his own. He married the daughter of a planter and secured 200 acres near the Forks of Delaware, where he erected a house.

One night, when Peter was waiting for the return of his wife from a visit to a neighbouring plantation, he suddenly heard the war-whoops of the Indians, who often raided settlements. Before he had time to arm himself his door was burst open and a band of Delawares entered.

They ransacked the house, burned it down, roasted all the cattle and sheep, set fire to 200 bushels of wheat, and bound Peter to a tree to torture him.

Peter knew that he was likely to be scalped, but he endured the torture of being burned by live coals and sticks which the Indians placed on his head, hands and feet.

The Indians did not scalp him. They spared him so that he could carry the loot.

As they marched along, other farms were attacked and burned. One of the dwellings contained an old man, his wife and four children. They were tortured and then scalped.

#### A GRAVE JOB.

At other settlements the treatment was even more terrible; and still more loot was added to Peter's burden. The Indians made him dig the graves of their victims.

For 200 miles the Indians marched, slaying and wrecking as they went, and at last reached their winter headquarters in the Blue Mountains. They kept Peter a prisoner, but forced him to watch the torture they inflicted on white men and women who had been brought in by other raiding parties.

For a year or two this condition was continued, until at a war council the chiefs decided upon another series of raids.

They took Peter with them, but not far beyond the Blue Mountains. He was left there under a guard of ten Indians to await the return of the main band.

By this time Williamson had learned much about the Indians' habits and speech.

One night he took a chance to escape, and, stepping over the sleeping Indians, he made a run for it.

He was not gone far before they discovered the loss and started in pursuit. All through the night the chase continued, until at last, just as dawn was breaking, Peter found a hollow tree, into which he dropped. His pursuers ran past, yelling their war-cry.

From that time he wandered by night and lay hid by day, and at last reached Chester County, where he learned that his wife had been killed.

He returned to England. At York he settled long enough to write his story, and "certain honourable gentlemen" paid to have it printed.

The profits gave him enough money to reach Aberdeen; but he might as well have been back among the Indians for all the welcome he received.

His little book had been seen by the magistrates of Aberdeen.

Orders were given to seize him and put him in prison for "dispensing this infamous slander" about the merchants of Aberdeen. An order was also made for his books to be burned by the common hangman.

After being in prison some time the same magistrates ordered that he be banished from the town. Peter was taken to the boundary and ordered never to return.

#### PETER PERSEVERES—

But the magistrates didn't know Peter. He walked to Edinburgh, raised an outcry there, and brought a court case against the Aberdeen magistrates, claiming damages. He was backed by an Edinburgh lawyer.

Witnesses were brought to support Peter's charge of kidnapping boys, fathers gave evidence that their boys were stolen, the private accounts of merchants were discovered to contain items relating to the "diet of the boys," allowing twenty pence weekly for each, and it was proved that the two men who had kidnapped Peter Williamson received one shilling and sixpence for the catch.

It was even proved that many boys thus stolen had been kept in the Tolbooth, or common prison, until the ship could take them away; and that the children were sold into slavery for terms varying from five to seven years, and that they were

usually treated "with harshness and cruelty."

If they tried to escape they had twelve months added to their slavery; and some were so wretched that they committed suicide.

But in spite of such evidence, the suit made little progress. Every obstacle that malice could devise was raised against the charge.

It was alleged that Peter, on his return to his native land, "had the appearance of an idle stroller, and could give no good account of himself," and that he had published his pamphlet "in order the more easily to impose upon and draw money from the credulous vulgar." His very identity was challenged.

Walter Scott (father of Sir Walter, the novelist) was one of the agents for the defenders. Even after two years' argument, when Peter was awarded damages, the magistrates managed to evade the execution of the law by raising various issues. The case is still to be found in the tomes of Scottish legal records.

It took thirty years after Peter was kidnapped before he was finally awarded £200.

#### BUT DIES UNLUCKY.

For many years he lived in Edinburgh, and settled down as a printer. He was the first man to issue a street directory of the town.

In 1776 he obtained leave to establish the first penny postage for letters and parcels. He taught himself the intricacies of printing, and beat all his rivals. He became owner of a tavern, and got married—but he could not shake off the bad luck that clung to him.

His wife proved a bad lot, and ultimately he had to divorce her. He died in January, 1799, and was buried quietly in a small churchyard.

He had two sons, but they disappeared. A year after Peter was dead there appeared a public notice to the effect that "if John and James Williamson, sons of the deceased Peter Williamson, will apply to John McGlashan, Writer in Edinburgh, they will hear of something to their advantage." But there was no reply to this lawyer's advertisement.

Whatever money Peter left "went to the Crown."

## SLIPS THAT PASS IN THE NIGHT

A PROCLAMATION broadcast from a station under Allied control some time after the surrender of Italy described King Victor Emmanuel as "King of Albania and Emperor of Ethiopia." A minor diplomatic storm broke over what appears to have been a printer's error. The printer simply took the "stock block" which had been used for royal proclamations in Italy for some years from his shelf, and forgot that kingdoms had fallen since he last used it!

This printer's error passed quickly and without hard feeling. But sometimes the little slips of printers have caused considerable trouble and expense. A printer who set a "t" where he should have put an "n" caused the House of Commons to adjourn in 1934. The mistake was made in the printed copy of the Regulations where the word "that" appeared instead of "than." The procedure of the House left no alternative but to adjourn until the error had been corrected!

Printer's errors in the Government of India Bill of 1935 caused all kinds of difficulties. The Act was reprinted nine

times, and each time it was necessary to have amendments such as "In Item 39 of List I in the seventh Schedule, for the comma after the words 'as the case may be' there shall be substituted a semi-colon." A special "Government of India (Reprinting) Bill" was necessary to make the changes.

Probably the most costly printer's error ever made was in the United States Tariff Act of 1892. As Congress passed the Act the description "all foreign fruit-plants" was included in the list of articles that could be imported free of duty. As the Act was printed, however, a comma took the place of the hyphen and it read "All foreign fruit, plants, etc." It was impossible to alter this for a year, and in the meantime all sorts of fruit which it had been intended should be taxed came in duty free. The cost to the Treasury was estimated at several million dollars.

Hill 70 was one of the most fought-over points in the Western Front in the Great War. The communiqué of

Sept. 26th, 1915, from Field Marshal French made it look as if the Hill had been captured, when, in fact, it was still in enemy hands—all because of an error in placing a comma. The printed copy issued to the Press read: "We captured the western outskirts of Hulluch, the village of Loos, and the mining works round it, and Hill 70." The last comma slipped in by accident. The communiqué should have read: "... and the mining works round it and Hill 70." The message was the subject of a question in the House of Commons.

The Press has many "classics" of printers' errors—although, in fact, it is rarely the printer who is in error and he has merely "followed copy"! Amongst the favourites are the advertisement, "Wanted, occasionally respectable woman," where the omission of a second comma gives a very different meaning from that intended. Then there is the law report which read: "The witness said the judge was an unmitigated liar," where the omission of two commas led to contempt of court.

Freud, the great psychologist, would have us believe that there is no such thing as an accidental "error," that mistakes passed by printers, proof-readers and editors,

are made, however unconsciously, "on purpose." He cites the case of the 1580 Bible in the library of Wolfenbützel, in Hesse, where the German word "Narr" (fool) is printed instead of "Herr" (master) in the verse of Genesis where God tells Eve that Adam shall be her master and ruler over her. Careful investigation has shown the type was set by the printer's wife, who was an early suffragette!

There are many Bibles famous for their printer's errors—some made on purpose and some made accidentally or—as Freud would have—unconsciously on purpose! In the latter category is the "Wicked Bible" of 1631, which omitted the negative from the Seventh Commandment. The London printer had to pay a fine of some hundreds of pounds.

But an error in a Cambridge Bible of 1638, in which Acts vi, 3, is given as "whom ye may appoint" instead of "we may appoint," is said to have been the work of an astute controversialist who paid the printer well to make the mistake!

The "Vinegar" Bible of 1717 is so called because it prints this word instead of "vineyard," but, in fact, this Bible had so many printer's errors that it was originally named "A Baskett-full of errors." ALEX DILKE.

### PUZZLE CORNER

A	Q	M	O	T
N	O	O	C	Y
S	P	O	K	S
T	H	I	E	L
O	T	B	H	R

Can you find in this square a well-known proverb, reading from left to right? The letters are in the right row, but in the wrong column.

(Solution in S 40)

#### Solution to Puzzle in S 38.

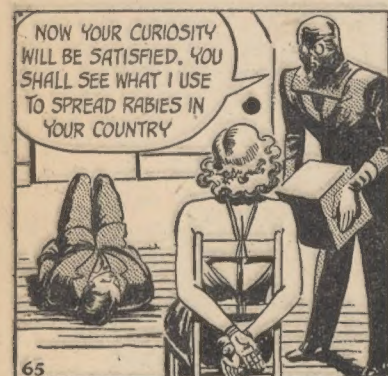
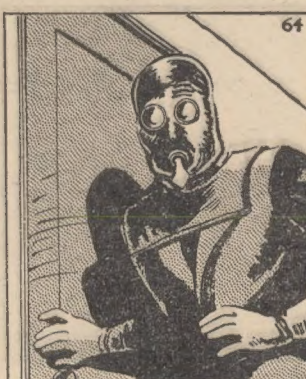
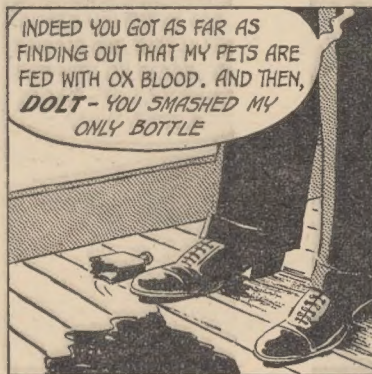
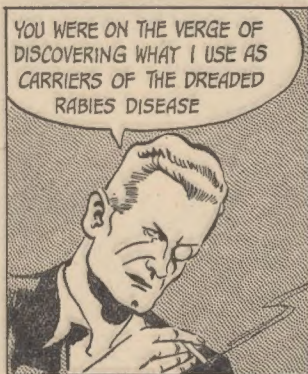
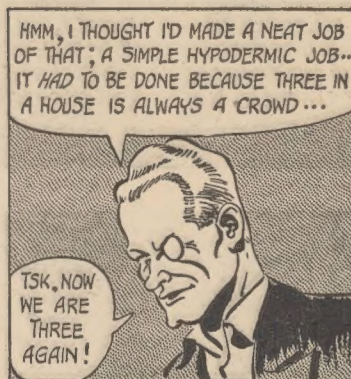
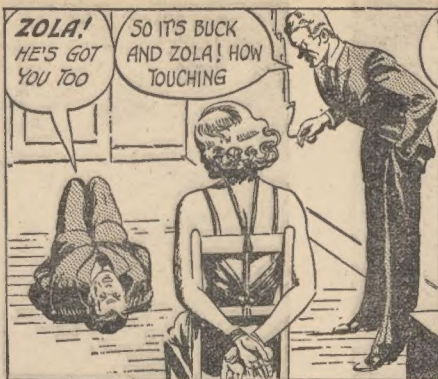
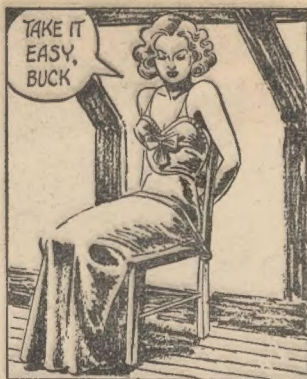
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#### Solution to "How's Your Memory?" Puzzle in S 38.

Clock, Greatcoat, Helmet and Camouflage Net, Newspaper, Respirator, Camera Case, Table Lamp, two Letters, Pipe, Ash Tray, Service Cap, two Gloves, two Tables, Mirror, Door-hinge. In mirror: Barometer, two Umbrellas, two Golf Clubs.



# BUCK RYAN



## MILLIER'S SPORTS FLASHBACK

THE demand for sport after the war is likely to be so great that it is at once apparent that all sorts of promoters are in for a high old time financially.

This is so blatantly obvious to anyone with only half an eye to the future that you may be sure there will be no shortage of enterprising people who will want to share in the riches.

They will be sadly disappointed unless they can devise some new means of gate-crashing into the old vested interests, or else inventing an entirely new sport, or at least something that will pass muster as a new thing.

If anyone is thinking of starting a fresh series of race meetings, he is just wasting his time. The Jockey Club brooks no newcomers. The same thing applies now to greyhound racing, and there is this to be said about the "dogs," that there is no shortage of tracks.

With vested interests and control you have something of a monopoly. With an open field, free for anyone to enter, the way of the get-rich-quick crook is made easy. Of the two evils, the control with vested interests holding the reins is the lesser. Of that there is not much doubt.

soon after greyhound racing had been established, many of the slicker members of society quickly realised that here was a ready money-maker if ever there was one. Tracks were opening up as fast as contractors could construct them, and the pioneers of the new sport saw the red light.

A controlling body was formed, and it was decided to keep out all those tracks that had opened up after a certain date. Even this did not stop further opening of new tracks, and goodness knows what might have happened if the Betting and Lotteries Act of 1934 had not been passed.

Under this Act the tracks are limited to a fixed number of meetings a year, and the dates have to be passed by the local licensing authority.

This Act, in regularising the sport, has done much towards putting it on a sound basis. If something had not been done in this direction, the chances are that the greedy promoters would long before this have killed the goose that laid such nice golden eggs.

You might wonder how it all came about. I may say that I was directly responsible for starting the ball rolling. In the course of an article which I wrote, and which was published in the *Daily Mirror*, I pointed out that in erecting totalisators on the tracks the greyhound people had contravened an old law.

A Leeds bookmaker grabbed his "*Daily Mirror*" and ran like a sprinter to his lawyer. The result was that a test case was brought, and the "tote" on greyhound tracks was ruled to be illegal.

Needless to say, the greyhound people would have torn out my liver with clutching hands but for the fact that liver-tearing was not so safe in peace-time. As it turned out, it proved to be the making of greyhound racing, and the day may come when they might even enquire after the health of my liver!

What it meant was that the totalisator figures are now officially audited and the public gets a straight deal, and, the whole transaction being straight, the public has supported it in such a way that the earnings of the machine are tremendous.

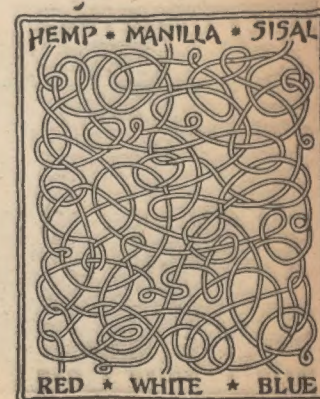
Would this have happened, do you think, if the greyhound authorities had not been compelled to take steps to secure the passing of the Betting and Lotteries Act of 1934? Hardly.

It now means that, with only six per cent. deduction for working the "tote," the public gets the fairest betting medium possible with greyhound racing, and the six per cent. rake-off pays the tracks quite handsomely.

W. H. MILLIER

## RED, WHITE and BLUE

Here are three ropes, of hemp, manilla and sisal respectively. Their colours are indicated at the bottom of the diagram, and the puzzle is to trace out which colour belongs to which rope with the unaided eye. No pointers allowed, and the answers are given in 640.





# Good Morning

All communications to be addressed to: "Good Morning,"  
C/o Press Division,  
Admiralty,  
London, S.W.1.

## "CUTTING THE RUG"

Dr. SWING AS SHE  
IS SPOKE

